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TEAM-UP

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# MARVEL TEAM-UP™

FEATURING

THE

## HUMAN TORCH™

AND THE SON OF

# SATAN™



YOU ARE  
**FINISHED,**  
JOHNNY STORM!

EVEN THE  
MASTER OF FLAME  
CANNOT STAND AGAINST  
MY ENCHANTED  
**SOUL-FIRE!**

BUT IF  
HE BLASTS ME,  
WYATT WINGFOOT  
**DIES!**

IT'S THE BATTLE YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!  
**A WAR OF FIRE AND BRIMSTONE!**

Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE HUMAN TORCH AND THE SON OF SATAN DO TOGETHER!™

GERRY CONWAY \* SAL BUSCEMA \* VINCE COLLETTA \* ARTIE SIMEK, LETTERER  
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# ALL THE FIRES IN HELL!

THE BAXTER BUILDING,  
NEW YORK, NEW YORK:  
NEW YEAR'S EVE, 1974...

YA KNOW,  
TORCHIE--  
I STILL  
CAN'T GET  
IT OUTTA  
MY MIND.

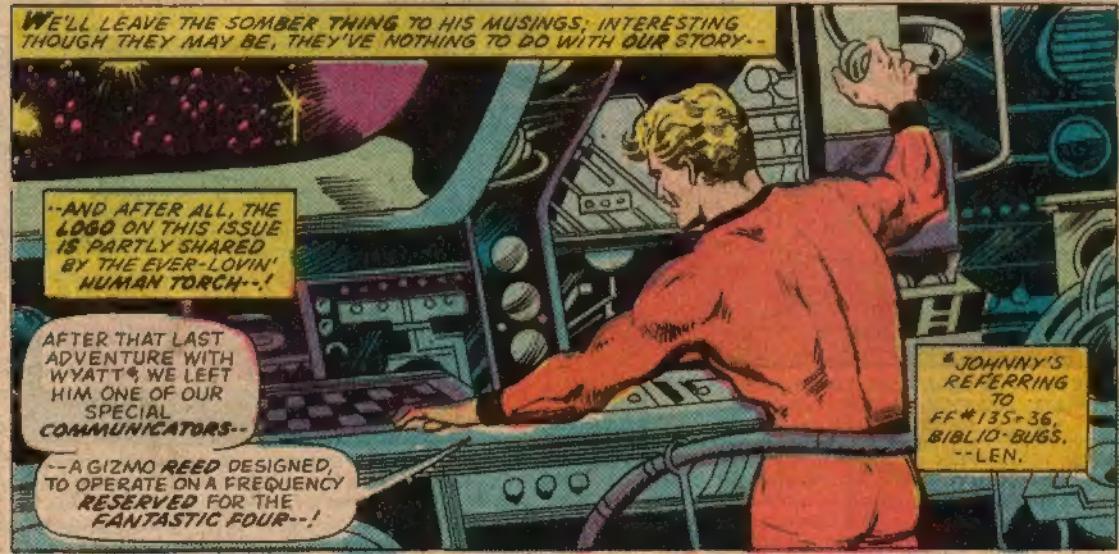
I'VE SEEN SOME  
STRANGE THINGS  
IN MY LIFE, BUT  
THAT STUFF OUT  
IN THE DESERT  
LAST WEEK---

WELL, IT'S  
ENUFF TA MAKE  
A GUY WORRY  
ABOUT HIS  
MIND.

CHAPTER ONE:  
**the POSSESSED!**

\*AS TOLD IN MARVEL TWO-IN-ONE #8;  
IF YOU'RE REAL LUCKY, IT MIGHT  
STILL BE ON SALE!--LEN.

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WITH A SKILL ANY COLLEGE-LEVEL TECHNICIAN WOULD ENVY, A SKILL GAINED THROUGH EXPERIENCE RATHER THAN THEORY, THE YOUNGEST MEMBER OF THE FANTASTIC FOUR PLAYS THE KEYBOARD OF THE COMMUNICATIONS CONSOLE LIKE A SOPHISTICATED STEINWAY--



FRANTICALLY, JOHNNY STORM TRIES TO REGAIN VISUAL CONTACT WITH THE DISTANT TRANSMITTER-- TRIES, AND FAILS.

BUT, EVEN AS HIS DESPERATION GROWS...

COME IN, PLEASE-- IS ANYONE THERE?

THIS IS SILENT FOX, CHIEFTAIN OF THE KEEWAZI--

JOHNNY STORM HERE, SIR.

WHAT HAPPENED? WYATT SEEMED TO-- TO GO CRAZY--!

SADLY, THIS IS TRUE, JOHN STORM. MY GRANDSON IS-- POSSESSED!

RAPIDLY, THE VOICE OF SILENT FOX EXPLAINS-- AND THE EXPLANATION IS MORE BIZARRE THAN THE MYSTERY IT UNRAVELS...

WE'LL TALK MORE WHEN I GET THERE, SIR.

IF WHAT YOU'RE TELLING ME IS EVEN POSSIBLE-- WYATT NEEDS HELP--

-- AND THE HUMAN TORCH IS GOING TO GIVE IT TO HIM!

FLAME ON!

YOUTHFUL ENTHUSIASM ASIDE, JOHNNY STORM IS WELL AWARE THAT FLYING ACROSS COUNTRY AS THE TORCH ISN'T QUITE FEASIBLE, DRAMATIC THOUGH IT MAY SOUND.

AND SO, WHEN HE SPEEDS ACROSS THE GRAIN-FIELDS OF THE CENTRAL MIDWEST AN HOUR LATER, IT IS NOT IN THE FLAMING FORM OF THE HUMAN TORCH--

-- BUT IN THE FAR MORE PRACTICAL FANTASTI-CAR--!

WYATT'S IN TROUBLE, ALL  
RIGHT--MORE TROUBLE  
THAN I CAN HANDLE  
ALONE.

BEN'S STILL TOO  
UPSET OVER WHAT  
HAPPENED OUT  
HERE LAST WEEK--

--SO IT'D BE BETTER  
ALL AROUND IF I JUST  
BRING IN SOMEONE  
FROM OUTSIDE.  
AND THAT SOMEONE,  
IF MY INFORMATION  
IS CORRECT, IS HERE--AT  
SAINT LOUIS' GATE-  
WAY UNIVERSITY.

--AND BOTH  
REED AND SUE  
WOULD LAUGH  
THE WHOLE  
THING OFF AS  
UNSCIENTIFIC--

I'LL LEAVE  
THE FANTASTI-  
CAR ON  
AUTOMATIC  
MOVER--

--AND DO WHAT  
I HAVE TO DO,  
PRONTO!

FOUR MINUTES LATER, IN THE COZY COMFORT-  
ABLE OFFICE OF A CERTAIN WELL-KNOWN PARA-  
PSYCHOLOGY RESEARCHER...

--MAY BE ONLY  
MY OVERWORKED  
IMAGINATION,  
DAIMON; BUT  
DOES IT SEEM  
TO YOU THERE  
ARE MORE  
CASES OF OCCULT  
INCIDENTS  
TODAY--THAN A  
YEAR AGO?

NOTHING  
WOULD  
SURPRISE  
ME, KATHY.

AS A SCIENTIST AND AN ACADEMICIAN,  
YOU KNOW YOURSELF THAT HISTORY  
IS REPETITIVE.

DURING THE  
MIDDLE AGES,  
MAN KIND--EH?

DAIMON  
HELLSTROM--  
I WANT TO  
TALK TO  
YOU--!



MY NAME'S STORM--  
JOHNNY STORM.  
I'M ONE OF THE  
FANTASTIC FOUR.

YOU MAY NOT  
BELIEVE THIS--

BUT A FRIEND OF  
YOURS NEEDS HELP--  
OCCULT HELP.



TAKE A  
SEAT,  
MR. STORM.  
TELL US  
ABOUT IT.

AND SO... --SILENT FOX TOLD  
ME IT STARTED TWO  
DAYS AGO.

THEN WYATT  
STARTED HAVING  
FITS--  
TALKING IN  
THE THIRD  
PERSON--



HE'D BE  
LUCID--  
THEN GO  
MAD--

HE WAS IN A PERIOD OF LUCIDITY WHEN  
I CALLED--THEN, SUDDENLY, SILENT FOX  
TELLS ME--HE BLEW APART--!

ALL THE CLASSIC SIGNS  
OF POSSESSION.



I'LL HELP YOU,  
STORM. KATHY--  
YOU STAY HERE.

WHY, DAIMON?  
WE'VE WORKED  
TOGETHER  
BEFORE.\*

WHY DOES  
THIS TIME  
HAVE TO BE  
DIFFERENT?

\*IN MARVEL  
SPOTLIGHT  
NOS. 14  
THRU 20  
--LEN.

BECAUSE THIS TIME--  
COULD BE THE MOST  
DANGEROUS TIME OF  
ALL.

BEFORE KATHY  
REYNOLDS CAN EVEN  
OPEN HER MOUTH TO  
REPLY, DAIMON  
HELLSTROM AND  
JOHNNY STORM  
ARE GONE--



--AND NO SOONER  
HAVE THEY LEFT,  
THAN KATHY FEELS  
A CHILL OF  
PREMONITION--

--A PREMONITION  
STRANGELY  
UNDERSCORED  
BY A DISTANT  
FLASH OF LIGHTNING  
IN THE NIGHT--



--AND A FAR-OFF  
SNARL OF  
THUNDER!

# CHAPTER TWO: A UNION BORN IN HELL!

TWO MEN STEP FROM THE NEARLY-DESERTED ADMINISTRATION BUILDING; ONE MAN STOPS, AND WITH A NOD AT HIS COMPANION, LIFTS HIS HANDS IN AN ARCANE GESTURE...



ALMOST IMMEDIATELY, THE MAN'S HANDS BEGIN TO GLOW WITH INNER HEAT, THE TIPS TURN A SMOKING BRICK-RED, THE PALMS BEGIN TO SMOKE...



"AND LIKE A FEVER SWEPPING A HEALTHY BODY, THE FLAMES SEEM TO CONSUME THE RED-HAIRED MAN'S SPARSE FORM, BILLOWING UNTIL THE HUMAN KNOWN AS DAIMON HELLSTROM VANISHES IN A COLUMN OF FIRE--



--TO BE REPLACED A MOMENT LATER WITH ANOTHER FIGURE, ANOTHER FORM--

DAIMON HELLSTROM,  
**SON OF SATAN!**

WOW, I DON'T BELIEVE I SAW THAT.



FEW PEOPLE HAVE, JOHNNY.

FEWER STILL REMAIN SANE TO TELL ABOUT IT...

MUSCLES FLEXING WITHOUT SEEING EFFORT, THE MAN KNOWN AS DAIMON HELLSTROM LEAPS UPWARD, GLEAMING TRIDENT HELD OVERHEAD--



--AND WITH THE HUMAN TORCH  
BESIDE HIM--

--QUICKLY ARRIVES AT THEIR DESTINATION.

LISTEN--MAYBE YOU'D BETTER TELL ME SOMETHING ABOUT YOURSELF, HELLSTROM.

THE NEWS PAPERS ONLY SAID YOU WERE AN EXORCIST OF SOME KIND-- NOT--



SOMETHING IN DAIMON HELLSTROM'S TONE WARNS JOHNNY STORM TO PROCEED NO FURTHER; UNEASILY, THE YOUTH SIMPLY NODS...



DAIMON HELLSTROM  
DOESN'T ANSWER.

IGNORING THE CHILL WHICH SEEMS TO HAVE COME BETWEEN HIM AND HIS PASSENGER, JOHNNY SETS THE FANTASTI-CAR INTO MOTION ONCE MORE--



TWO HOURS LATER, THE PLAINS OF KANSAS FALL AWAY TO THE EAST OF THE ROCKETING FANTASTI-CAR; THE SPEEDING VESSEL TURNS NORTH--

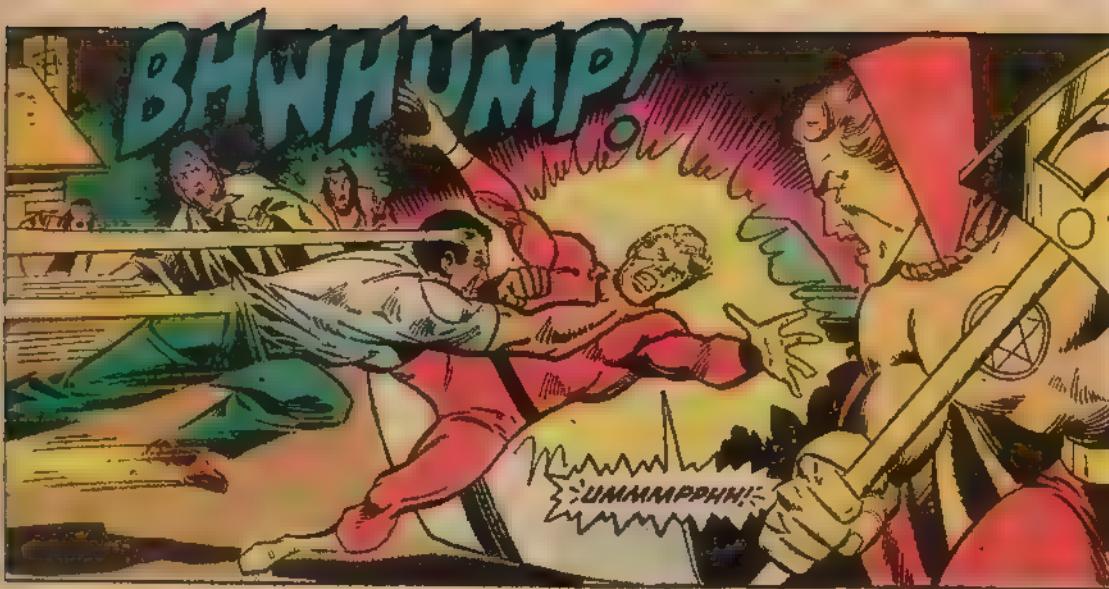


--AND SOON, IN THE STAR SPRINKLED SKY OVER A CERTAIN RESERVATION IN OKLAHOMA--



ACROSS THE DIRT ROAD, A WOODEN FRAME BUILDING SNAKES; A WHITE-WASHED WALL SUDDENLY BULGES, BOARDS SNAP AND FLY AWAY; AND WITH A RENDING CRASH--A HUMAN FIGURE HEAVES ITSELF THROUGH A RAIN OF SPLINTERING WOOD--





THROWING HIS FORMER COLLEGE ROOMMATE TO THE GROUND, THE TRANSFORMED WYATT WINGFOOT CLAMPS A TIGHTENING HOLD ON

--STRANGLING  
HIM--

--UNTIL JOHNNY FEELS CONSCIOUSNESS EBBING AWAY, AND REACTS ALMOST INSTINCTIVELY--

--BY FLAMING  
ON'

WYATT--  
YOU'RE--  
CHOKING  
ME!

"WYATT WINGFOOT IS MY  
PAWN,  
AND JOHNNY IS HIS VICTIM;  
JOHNNY DIES BEFORE THE  
DAWN,  
AND WYATT SOON WILL  
JOIN HIM--"

**BY THE SEVEN  
CIRCLES, I  
COMMAND  
YOU--BEGONE,  
DEMON!  
BEGONE!**



TWISTING AWAY FROM THE FULL FORCE OF  
DAIMON HELLSTROM'S BLOW, WYATT ROLLS TO A  
Crouch--

--BARES HIS  
TEETH LIKE A  
WILD BEAST--

--AND GLARES  
AT DAIMON'S  
TRIDENT WITH A  
FIERCE, FERAL  
ANGER.



SHOULDER MUSCLES PLEX; THIGHS  
BULGE; SNARLING, HISSING, WYATT  
WINGFOOT LEAPS.

INSTANTLY,  
THE TRIDENT

FIRES.  
BURSTS  
FROM THE  
TIP



AND IN A  
MOMENT--



THE BATTLE  
IS OVER.

WHAT DID YOU DO TO HIM, HELLSTROM?  
I SAW SOMETHING THAT LOOKED LIKE  
FLAME--

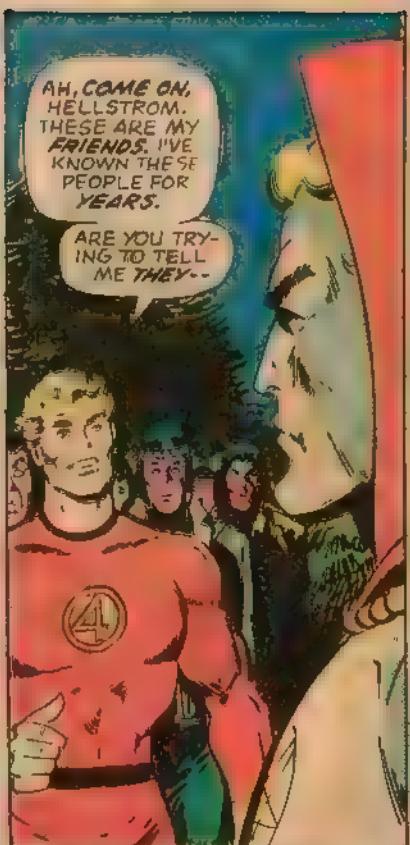
BUT THERE WAS NO  
HEAT, NO FIRE--!

THERE  
WAS HEAT,  
JOHNNY  
STORM.  
THE HEAT  
OF THE  
SOULFIRE.

YOUR FRIEND  
IS CLEANSED--  
BUT THE  
STRUGGLE  
IS NOT YET  
FINISHED.

I DON'T GET  
YOU. IF WYATT'S  
OKAY--WHAT'S  
THE  
PROBLEM?





# CHAPTER THREE: THE FLAME AND THE FIRE!

AS ONE, THEY ATTACK. ARMS AND LEGS FLAIL AND KICK, FISTS BUNCH AND SMASH, HEADS THRUST, STRIKING MORTAL FLESH WITH STUNNING FORCE, YET ODDLY, VAIMON HELL STRAM DOES NOT HIT BACK

ALMOST LIKE A MAN ENTRANCED, HE ALLOWS HIMSELF TO BE PUMMELED BY THE STRANGELY SILENT MOB

--AND IT IS THIS WHICH SHOCKS THE TORCH OUT OF HIS STUPOR, WAKING HIM TO THE DANGER, CAUSING HIM, AT LAST, TO--

FLAME ON!

BUT I CAN'T THINK ABOUT THAT NOW.  
HELLSTROM CAN'T FIGHT THAT MOB BY HIMSELF!

DAIMON'S BEING SLAUGHTERED--  
AND I ALMOST LET IT HAPPEN!  
IT WAS AS THOUGH SOMEONE HAD HYPNOTIZED ME. WIRED OUT MY WILL TO ACT!

HEADS UP,  
HELLSTROM!

HERE COME THE MARINES!

SNOOPING HIGH INTO THE NIGHT  
THE HUMAN TORCH ACTS SWIFTLY  
--FORMING POSTS OF SMOKING  
FIRE, WHICH ARE TOSSED INTO  
THE MIDST OF THE HEAVING  
CROWD.



--FORMING A FLAMING FENCE  
THAT SEPARATES THE BULK  
OF THE CROWD FROM ITS  
INTENDED VICTIM



--AND PERHAPS BECAUSE  
HE IS NOT, HE ALLOWS HIS  
ANGER TO RISE UP WITHIN  
HIM -



--A RAGE WHICH IS  
POSITIVELY--SATANIC

FOOLS! DO YOU  
KNOW WHO IT IS  
YOU TOUCH? HAVE  
YOU ANY  
CONCEPT  
OF THE  
POWERS YOU  
PLAY WITH?



DAIMON HELLSTROM ISN'T  
AWARE OF THIS ACTIVITY  
CONCERNED AS HE IS WITH  
HIS OWN STRUGGLE--



FORFEIT,  
AND MINE  
TO CLAIM!





WOW. WHATEVER HE IS...HELLSTROM'S NO LIGHTWEIGHT....!

THE WAY HE THREW ME... HE COULD GIVE BEN A FEW LESSONS IN...

MUH?

HEY!

I'VE ABOUT HAD IT WITH YOU, HELLSTROM. YOU MAY BE A TOP EXORCIST OR SOMETHING--

BUT, MISTER,  
YOU'RE ALSO NUTS!

FOOL! DO YOU IMAGINE YOUR PUNY FLAME CAN HARM ME?

MY FORM HAS KNOWN A FIRE A THOUSAND TIMES MORE DEVASTATING THAN YOURS.

I WAS BORN TO THRIVE IN THE BURNING PITTS OF...

I DON'T CARE WHERE YOU WERE BORN, BUSTER!

IF MY FLAME WON'T WORK ON YOU--THEN MAYBE MY FISTS WILL!

BY THE SEVEN CIRCLES, I WILL NOT BE TRIPLED WITH!

I'LL MAKE YOU SUFFER FOR YOUR INSOLENCE, STORM!



JOHNNY STORM DOES MORE THAN TRY; HE SUCCEEDS.



HELLSTROM IGNORES THEM. FOR HIM, IT IS AS THOUGH WYATT WINGFOOT AND HIS GRANDFATHER DO NOT EXIST.



NEXT ISSUE: SPIDEY AND NIGHTHAWK <sup>BB</sup> TOGETHER